

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXXX No. 2339

London
April 24, 1946



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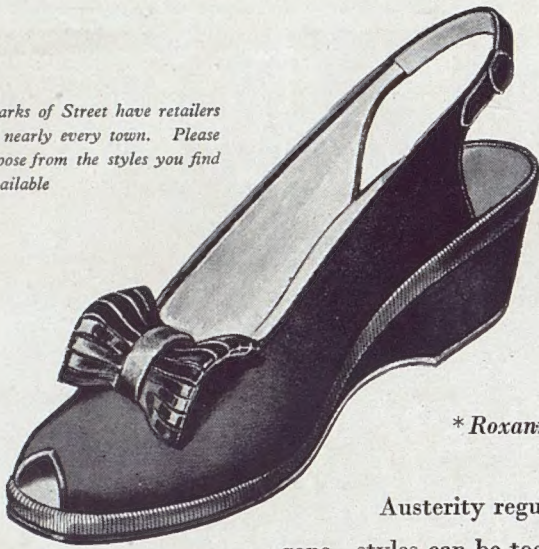
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THE TATLER

LONDON

APRIL 24, 1946

and BYSTANDER

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Gordon Armitage

Viscountess Templewood

Viscountess Templewood is the wife of Viscount Templewood, the former Sir Samuel Hoare, who was created Viscount Templewood of Chelsea in 1944. Lady Templewood, who is a D.B.E., was formerly Lady Maud Lygon, daughter of the sixth Earl Beauchamp. At the present time they are both about to start for South America where Lord Templewood is going on a lecture tour. In a distinguished diplomatic and political career, Lord Templewood has held many important positions, among which were, First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Privy Seal, Secretary of State for India, for Foreign Affairs, for the Home Department and twice Secretary of State for Air in 1922 and in 1940. From 1940-45 he was Ambassador in Madrid and is shortly publishing a book on Spain called *Ambassador on Special Mission*



PORTRAITS IN PRINT



SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

THESE last few days, I have been violently reminded that however much I may hate and deplore the Industrial Revolution, it is a part of my being not to be evaded except by a gesture as violent as amputating one's own hand. More than a century ago, an ancestor of mine, pink no doubt with hope, set out to mine coal somewhere in the north of this kingdom. Talk of the colliery formed half the background to my childhood. When I grew up, I annually received from it a dividend of twelve and sixpence, and a balance sheet couched in conservative terms. The death of near relatives, together with the lengthening shadow of nationalization, have now compelled me to take some active interest in an affair which had hitherto seemed little more than a remote worry.

It would be hardly proper for me to discuss in this column the pros and cons of State

We are paying today for the industrial start from which our ancestors did so handsomely one hundred years ago. The coal mines of England—or at any rate of most parts of England—are hardly designed for efficient and comfortable modern working. The miners have become an isolated and suspicious community of their own, no longer prepared to expect any good of the owners; and the owners have been hardly adroit in bringing home to the country the genuine if not numerous arguments which an ingenious publicist could marshal in their favour.

The crux of the situation is in a way psychological. The miners, despite their admirable qualities of fortitude, fraternity, and humour, are perpetually in a sort of queer, half exploded, frustrated state of war against the owners. They know conditions ought to be improved in their world; and because no improvement comes, they sulk, output falls, and in consequence the possibility of improvement is proportionately removed. The situation in the industry has reached a point where at least the more enlightened of the owners believe State ownership to be an expedient well worth trying. I, for one, will be glad enough to have no more to do with an industry which, as that great American critic, Mr. Lewis Mumford, has pointed out, is a form of "smash and grab"—the exploitation of resources not to be replaced within the lifetime of a nation.

There is something particularly nasty about the process of taking out of the earth what you cannot give it back. The countless dreary ponds in the disused gravel quarries which are putting round London's "Metroland" an ever-widening moat; the sadness of abandoned slag-heaps with the coarse nettles growing up them;

Henry Adams

WHAT a new dark world coal brought in at the end of the eighteenth century! Travelers to London had long complained of how the "sea-coal" fumes in the metropolitan air tended to sully their linen all too quickly. But on the whole London was still a place of bright, neat buildings. Only, I think, the poet Blake



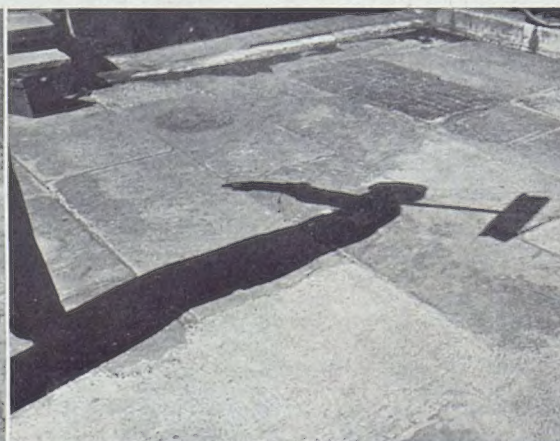
with his vision of "dark, Satanic mills" and "blackening churches" and chimney-sweeps, and the painter, Wright, of Derby, with his mysterious pictures of Arkwright's factories besmirching some remote and lovely valley, really saw what a Pandora's box had been opened. But visitors to this island, coming from countries less industrialized than our own, could not easily take the new black inferno for granted. In that magnificent book, *The Education of Henry Adams*, there is an

Sunshine and Shadow Tell

ownership. I will confine myself to repeating the opinions of people far less radical, and far more expert than I. The great tragedy of our coal industry is really its antiquity. Most of the shafts were excavated before humanity had become a potent factor in industrial dealings, and when foreign competition had not yet imposed a high standard of efficiency.



The Ladies in Light Conversation



Portrait of a Road Sweeper



"It's Somewhere in My Handbag"

unforgettable passage describing the young Bostonian's railway journey to London from Liverpool in the 1850s:—

"Then came the journey up to London through Birmingham and the Black District. . . . The plunge into darkness lurid with flames: the sense of unknown horror in this weird bloom which then existed nowhere else, and never had existed before except in volcanic craters: the violent contrast between this dense, smoky, impenetrable darkness, and the soft green charm that one glided into, as one emerged—the revelation of an unknown society of the pit—made a boy uncomfortable. . . ."

In an awful sort of way, there is something profoundly romantic and moving about the spectacle of great houses and parks—places made for light and pleasure—dying in blackness as the coal workings sap the ground from under them. I am sure Seaton Delavel or Bolsover on its crag, never stirred the blood more than they do today, with the miners' cottages creeping up the drive of the one, and the lonely splendour of the other, looking down on to the mines which tunnel through its rock.

The "Whistlejacket" Room

I CANNOT, however, but deplore the danger in which "open-cast" working has lately put the huge Wentworth Woodhouse, Lord Fitzwilliam's house in Yorkshire. Six hundred feet long, it is supposed to be the largest private residence in England: it is by no means the most beautiful: but the miners round about view it with affection, and it possesses one great treasure—the famous "Whistlejacket" room, with its horse paintings by Stubbs.

I do not entirely share the fashionable enthusiasm for the English horse painters of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, whose works bring such inflated sums at Sotheby's and Christies these days. But Stubbs could on occasions rise to very great heights. He has done so at Wentworth Woodhouse.

In the "Whistlejacket" room, he has evoked the whole romantic story of the English racehorse. You can see the excitement with which our ancestors experimented in the blending of the Arabian strains with more native breed, until they evolved an animal which for staying power combined with speed excelled every horse yet seen in the world, I suppose.

I would not dream of even approaching a territory which Lady Wentworth with her incomparable scholarship has made her own. But I believe I am right in saying that the strain of our great racehorses has remained extraordinarily constant for at least the last



century and a half; and that in the pedigrees of most of the Derby and "classic" winners over that period are to be found the blood of those two great Arabians, the Darley, and the Godolphin.

The contribution to British racing of the first two Earls of Godolphin was imperishable. Marlborough's great collaborator helped from Newmarket racecourse to plan the humbling of Louis XIV, and then would go back to the more absorbing question of breeding and training the finest racehorse conceivable. His son, a politician of no particular note, in the time of George II, must always be revered for having brought into this country the wonderful Arab stallion that bears his name. All sorts of romantic legends surround this animal. It has been said he was a present to the French court from the Emperor of Morocco, that he threw every European who tried to mount him, that he was sold to pull a water-cart, and that Godolphin found him by chance in the Paris streets, half starved and exhausted. Godolphin recognized even in this moment of abasement the brilliant points of the stallion, and brought him to England where he was to sire a long line of winners. A pretty story, but alas! most improbable. The one thing certain, the Godolphin Arabian lies buried with honour in the Gog-Magog hills near Cambridge.

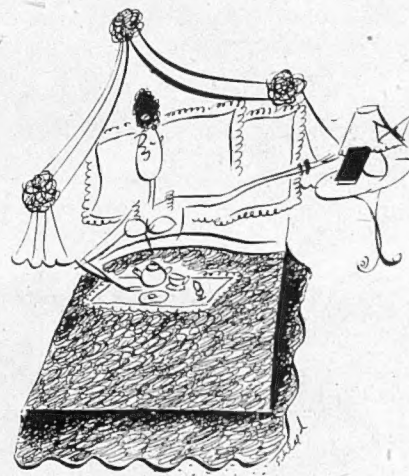
The Matthew Passion

WE went last Saturday to hear Bach's Matthew Passion sung in Southwark Cathedral. This work, composed when Bach was at the Thomasschule in Leipzig, is, I hold, one of the great triumphs of the European genius, on a par with the ceilings of the

Sistine Chapel or "Paradise Lost" or Autun Cathedral. The song about Golgotha, valley of bones, with its haunting accompaniment of wind instruments, cannot be heard without awe and tears. But alas! to my infinite regret, the performance at Southwark was hardly such as to keep one there until the moment of this strange and terrible song—which comes quite near the end. We left the cathedral, consequently, and wandered in the sunshine across the bridge, and towards the Tower—through back streets deserted by everything save the odour of Billingsgate, and the huge bells of St. Magnus Martyr, which still lie about at the foot of its elegant steeple, waiting, no doubt, to be hoisted back into place. They bore, I noticed, the date 1714 which must, I suppose, be the date of the church itself.

Not Old at Four Hundred

THEN into the child's history-book charm of the Tower. A Beefeater, in an austerity uniform I cannot bring myself to approve, was showing round an eager crowd, among which

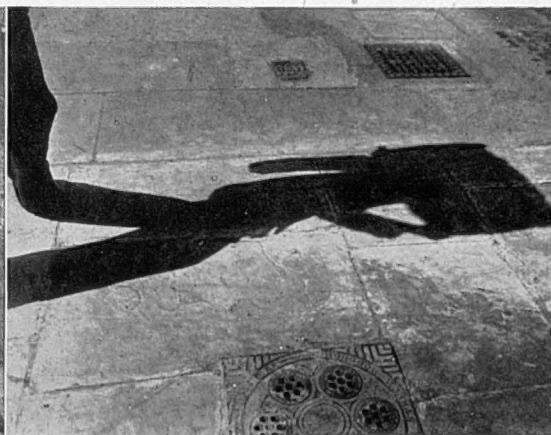


were many American soldiers. The Beefeater suddenly indulged in a typical bit of English swagger. "This," he roared, his eye on the Americans, "this here is not what you'd call a particularly old building, no, not by a long chalk it isn't. Only Henry VIII. . . ."

* * *

I LIKE the story of the young matron, servantless all through the war, who wore herself to the bone cooking, cleaning, and coping with her children. Recently she was lucky enough to get a paragon of a maid. With eager anticipation she awaited the luxury of breakfast in bed. The maid duly brought in a tray. Luxuriously her mistress stretched out a slender arm to get the book she was reading. In doing so she wrenched her back, and had to go to hospital for a fortnight. . . .

Six Street Stories in London



" . . . and Better Allowances for Us"

Barrel of Beer, or . . .

. . . What Won the 2.30?



Fred Astaire and Lucille Bremer in a dance story "This Heart of Mine"



Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly are together in the number "The Babbitt and the Bromide"

Ziegfeld Follies is a lavish Technicolor production, with William Powell repeating his role of Florenz Ziegfeld. This time he is in heaven, and in celestial surroundings introduces the stars of his show. These are many, and include the dancing of Fred Astaire, Gene Kelly and Lucille Bremer, with Judy Garland, Red Skelton, Lucille Ball, Victor Moore, Edward Arnold and a host of others in many decorative and comedy numbers



Technihorror and All That

A YOUNG woman once told me that she invariably read a novel while listening to the wireless, and kept the wireless on while she was reading. I asked her the reason for this extraordinary proceeding and she said, "The one keeps my mind off the other." That, dear readers of the *Tatler*, is the sole justification for Technihorror. As the old French wit said, "*Ce qui est trop bête pour être dit, on le chante*." That which is too silly to be said, one sings. Which, of course, explains Grand Opera. Nobody in his right senses is going to believe in an elderly lady weighing sixteen stone panting on a bank for love of a middle-aged tenor weighing more than the prize bull at the Royal Show. Nobody is going to believe this couple if they pour out their passion in words. But let them sing it with one eye on their lover and the other on the conductor of an orchestra in full Wagnerian blast, and there is not a comatose countess in Covent Garden who does not feel that it is she, at the age of seventeen, who is rolling about on that bank while her toes are being tickled by the now bald, toothless, semi-paralysed Lord Stick-in-the-Mud. So is it with Technihorror, the purpose of which is to take your mind off the film story.

SOME day somebody must write an essay on the adjuncts to story-telling deemed so necessary by both stage and screen. Will Wilde's alleged serious plays stand up today? No. Wherefore interior decorators and costumiers are brought in to turn the whole thing into a parody of the nineties. Is the audience going to believe in Mrs. Erlynne? No. Therefore, let her make her after-the-party call on Lady Windermere in a confection of tinned salmon which will make every modiste's mouth water. I have seen them play this trick even with *The Importance of Being Earnest*, where insistence on the period costume takes the mind off the wit. Producers seem unable to understand that a modern audience looking at the revival of a famous play should not be more preoccupied with the settings and costumes than the audience on the original first night was preoccupied. Unless the play will not stand up to revival on its own merits. We have all just been seeing a revival at the Curzon cinema of *La Bête Humaine*. Did anybody notice that the clothes were not strictly 1890? That the engine was not the type that Lantier drove fifty-six years ago? That the carriages were the very best that the P-L-M boasted in 1937, or whenever the film was made? No, nobody noticed these things because the story still stands up as a story of today. The whole point of Technihorror is that, by virtue of its insistence and exaggeration, it is a curse to a good story and a boon to a bad one.

Tangier (Leicester Square) badly needed Technihorror. The story was all about a diamond which was hidden first in a stick of shaving-soap, next in a lady's garter, and was finally found in the guitar of a little chocolate-coloured night-club crooner. Now, I have

JAMES AGATE

AT THE PICTURES

seen *Tangier* from the deck of a pleasure-cruiser. We had stopped to deliver the mail, or something. Anyhow, there was no time to go ashore. All that was visible from the boat was a lot of sand and a couple of palms. My companion, a distinguished dramatic and literary critic, on seeing this vast expanse of virtually nothing, said, "Not my idea of Africa!" I have to say that the intimacies of the picture at the Leicester Square Theatre very accurately represent my view of life in *Tangier*. I believe the place to be humming with film-stars wearing creations which must make Hartnell want to tear the hair off Molyneux's head, and *vice versa*. I believe in one dancer who impersonates another so that the other can go spying. I believe in a blonde vengeresse who, having lured the chief villain into the hotel lift, jams the controls so that the thing speeds to the top of the shaft, breaks the supports, and crashes some ten floors, killing them both. I believe in police officers still as busily in league with Nazi officials as though no Allied army had ever set foot on the African continent. And I believe most firmly of all in the little Spanish crooner who sings about "Killing some great red rooster so that we'll all have chicken tonight." But then, Sabu has charm whether he has an elephant with him or not. The last shot in the film shows Maria Montez framed in the window of an aeroplane bound for Lisbon. I have seen nothing so funny since that portrait in an early book by Cecil Beaton, showing something that one took to be a codfish in a glass tank but was described in the caption as a leader of New York's Four Hundred, snapped in her limousine on the first night of the Opera.

OWING to circumstances beyond my control I missed the Press show of *The Captive Heart* (Odeon). This film has received from my colleagues great but qualified praise. The qualification had reference to the obviously contrived plot, disturbing in a naturalistic film, whereby the Czech officer takes on the identity of a dead British officer and gets himself entangled in a correspondence with the dead man's wife. When I read my colleagues I thought I was going to mind this, but I found I didn't. The pathos, the humour, the sincerities of this film do not, in themselves, make a story, and indeed, are most effective when shown as background, though actually they are the film. Whence it follows that some story had to be invented, and it seems to me that this one serves as well as another. I never liked Michael Redgrave better or so much, and particularly admired the modest way in which he comported himself as a hero whom nobody really wanted. But all the playing in this film is superb. And I shall single out Basil Radford, Mervyn Johns, Jack Warner, Jimmy Hanley and, most moving of all, Gordon Jackson. I agree that the part was handed to this last on a silver platter.

In the new piece at the Saville Theatre Mr. Howes, annoyed because the new maid is going to the pictures, says "I hope it's British!" More pictures like *The Captive Heart* and this jibe will have no point.

Opening of the Cadogan Club

The Cadogan Club, in Cadogan Place, aims to help ex-prisoners of war, especially those who have been connected with the theatre and the films. Members include many stars of the stage and screen, who are doing all they can to help the ex-P.O.W. members to get established once more in their pre-war professions

Mr. George Pelling, an ex-P.O.W., Major Bray Whyndham, secretary and sponsor of the club, Mrs. Joan Lowe, sponsor and manageress, Harry Green, who is starring in "Fifty-Fifty" at the Strand Theatre, and Mr. Len Newbery



Capt. F. G. Dobson, Miss Josephine Wray, Lt. Frank Hamel, Patricia Burke, who recently starred in "Stage Door" at the Saville, Don Lurossa at the organ, and Inga Anderson the cabaret artist



Margaretta Scott who is playing in "The Hasty Heart" at the Aldwych Theatre, Mr. George Pelling, Margaret Leighton, of the Old Vic Company, and Cyril Smith who is appearing at the Cambridge Theatre in "Arsenic and Old Lace"



Major Bray Whyndham outlines future plans to some of the ex-P.O.W.s and ex-Servicemen members of the club. They are, front row: Mr. Dennis Taylor, Lt. Allen Hodde, R.N.V.R., and Mr. Derek Bond who are all ex-P.O.W.s. Behind: Lt. Frank Hamel, R.N.V.R., Capt. F. G. Dobson, two ex-P.O.W.s, F/Lt. K. Marlow, Mr. Charles Dorning and Mr. Rodney Mullally an ex-P.O.W.



Charles Dorning, who was in the Navy and will be appearing in Jack Hylton's new show "Can-Can," Anne Crawford, the film actress, whose latest film "Caravan" had its premiere in London recently, Mrs. Joan Lowe, Mr. Douglas McKenzie, an ex-P.O.W. from Thailand, and W/Cmdr. J. T. L. Shore who escaped from a German prison camp



Anne Hunter (Isolde Strong), the very merry mother of the two-fathered son



Peter Hunter (Alan Welch), the son who causes so much consternation among his respective parents



Sketches by
Tom Tit

Louise Dexter (Judy Kelly), tactfully deals with an awkward situation when Arthur Waring (Basil Radford), and his valet Charles (Walter Fitzgerald), both find themselves to be the father of the same son

The Theatre

"The Astonished Ostrich" (St. James's)

THERE is excellent comedy in the idea of a successful middle-aged playwright placing his worldly wisdom at the disposal of youth, only to be told that youth infinitely prefers its own wisdom. With what relish the young Sacha Guitry would have developed such an idea, combining no doubt a minute veracity in the painting of contemporary manners with a peculiarly congenial epicureanism of tone; and with what benign art the old Lucien Guitry would have played the complacent worldling! Unhappily, Mr. Mickie N. Menzies is without the Guitry touch; Mr. Basil Radford is too young at heart to make good the necessary contrast between the stale knowingness of the man of many affairs and the fresh curiosity of inexperienced youth, and, altogether, it is an affair of those good intentions which so often in the theatre occasion acute discomfort.

MR. MENZIES makes things as difficult as possible for himself. Youth comes to the worldling in the form of an unsuspected son, who is also the step-son of his man-servant. Charles, though like his master a man of many affairs, has never lost touch with reality. Seventeen years ago he married the charming governess who was about to become a mother. True, he deserted her, but he has always contributed to the boy's upkeep. Mr. Menzies has, accordingly, to keep master and man amusingly raffish, to show that the playwright's much vaunted knowledge of men and women is an illusion and to let the son, having seen through his father's pretensions, elect to live with his step-father who may be a bit of a rascal but is not a fool. To give this complicated little design a start, he has to begin by writing polite comedy. The playwright is proposing marriage to his mistress who is evading the offer. Such a scene need not be epigrammatic, but if its points are not made with neatness it becomes intolerably clumsy, and in this instance it is neither witty nor neat. Things

look more promising when mother and long lost son appear, but the author is not very happy in the incidents he invents to show that the self-dramatizing dramatist sees himself as the ideal father. Farcically he buys sporting trophies and tries to impress the youth with his glorious athletic past; in his various heart-to-heart talks he finds himself in the well-worn situation of all who set out to explain the facts of life to their offspring; and in the end all the worldly wisdom he has offered to impart is compressed into an unsuccessful attempt to teach the boy to tie his first dress-tie.

WORSE follows. The author, perhaps feeling that things are going less well than he had hoped, falls back on shouted quarrellings and finally finds himself bogged in unpersuasive sentiment. The playwright has confidently begun his greatest play on the theme of sons and fathers, but when he learns that his son has less affection for him than for his step-father he tearfully tears up his manuscript. But we cannot share his sadness; we can only feel glad that some harmless audience which might have been drawn to the play by his mysterious reputation have been spared much suffering.

MR. RADFORD is a delightful actor, but this is just the kind of part which has him at a constant disadvantage. He is not naturally the jaded worldling with a store of stale worldly wisdom, but the middle-aged man who has kept his boyish interests in boyish things and is always out for a lark. Mr. Walter Fitzgerald is much better cast as the raffish man-servant with a respectable heart. Miss Judy Kelly and Miss Isola Strong are very attractively the women who reduce both men to the status of very small boys, and Mr. Alan Welch gives a good performance of the adolescent who brings clear eyes to his critical examination of middle-aged wisdom.

ANTHONY COOKMAN

Agatha Christie's New Thriller

"Murder on the Nile"

● Agatha Christie's new murder mystery takes place in the pleasure-seeking atmosphere of a tourist steamer on the Nile, while the subsequent conclusion also has a strong "crime does not pay" moral to it. A group of people are suspected of the murder of the rich bride who is on her honeymoon. Later, her French maid, who is about to disclose the name of the murderer, is killed before she can do so. There is a distinguished cast headed by Helen Haye, David Horne and Vivienne Bennett

Photographs by John Vickers



Miss ffoliot-ffoulkes (Helen Haye), from Mount Street, W.1, is outraged by the warning from Father Borrowdale (David Horne) that even she might be suspected of Kay's murder as much as anyone else on the Nile steamer



Simon Mostyn (Ivan Brandt) reassures his rich young wife, Kay (Rosemary Scott). Their honeymoon is being spoilt because a girl who Simon has been engaged to follows them about everywhere



Louise (Jacqueline Robert), maid to the murdered bride, is shot mysteriously as she is about to disclose the identity of the murderer. With her are Dr. Bessner (Hugo Schuster), Miss ffoliot-ffoulkes and Father Borrowdale



Jacqueline de Severac (Vivienne Bennett), who has been jilted by Simon Mostyn for the rich girl, shoots him in the leg in a fit of jealousy. The respectable Scots girl, Christina Grant (Joanna Derrill), niece of Miss ffoliot-ffoulkes, is horror-struck



BEARDED VETERAN AUGUSTUS JOHN, a trustee of the Tate until 1941, is in conversation with Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Massey. Mr. Massey is the High Commissioner for Canada. His collection of contemporary British art was on view



The Girl Who Hasn't Been Before

THE TATE GALLERY REOPENS AFTER SEVEN YEARS

AFTER being closed, and bombed, during the war, the Tate Gallery, home of the national collection of British painting and sculpture, has reopened. Performing the official ceremony, the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Ernest Bevin, said that this was a landmark, for the people of Britain loved things that had form and beauty, and after what they had been through in the last six or seven years they deserved them.

The Gallery has had its share of the hardships of war. It suffered two bombing attacks, which destroyed the glass throughout the building, smashed part of the roof, and broke up floors and the outside wall. Fortunately, thanks to the foresight of Mr. John Rothenstein, the Director, almost all the works of art housed in the Tate had

been removed to a medieval castle in the North of England and two large country houses in the Midlands within two days of the declaration of war. What remained at the Gallery was stored in blast-proof cases.

One newspaper described the crowd drawn to the reopening ceremony as "of cup-tie proportions." Among the throng were Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Massey, M. René Massigli, the French Ambassador, Augustus John, and many other artists and patrons of the arts.

The Tate was founded in 1897 to house British art and sculpture and contemporary foreign art (the foreign galleries were opened in 1926). The present exhibition contains collections of paintings by Cézanne and modern French artists.



"What is your candid opinion of that one?"

"Indeed? How very amusing . . ."

Photographs by Pictorial Press



They've missed the Tate these last seven years, but now it's open at last: such a joy, m'dear. Here the soul is refreshed; here the eye delighted



Mrs. C. Crawshaw is the wife of Lieut. Codrington Crawshaw, Welsh Guards, and the daughter of Major Ralph Bury, K.C., D.L., and Mrs. John Feild. Her husband is the son of the late Colonel C. H. R. R. Crawshaw, D.S.O., and Mrs. L. M. Crawshaw, and nephew of the Hon. F. Cripps and Sir James Nelson



Mrs. Danvers L. R. Osborn is the wife of Mr. D. L. R. Osborn, the only surviving son of Sir Algernon and Lady Osborn, of North Lodge, Sheringham, Norfolk, to whom she was married in 1943. She is the eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. L. F. Rooke, of Hooton House, Tilford, Surrey



Mrs. J. R. Robertson-McIsaac is the daughter of the late Captain J. W. G. Innes, and of the Marchioness of Aberdeen and Temair, who married the Marquess of Aberdeen in 1940. She is the wife of Lieut.-Colonel James Robertson Robertson-McIsaac, the Gordon Highlanders

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

IN accordance with what used to be the invariable custom in the spring, Their Majesties extended invitations to several members of the Government to visit them at Windsor Castle with their wives; during the Court's Eastertide stay on Thames-side. By a happy chance, this year Easter Sunday coincided with the birthday of Princess Elizabeth, who was twenty on April 21. This enabled a larger-than-usual family party to be together for the anniversary celebrations, which, however, remained, at the King's orders, still on the "austerity" lines of wartime, with little of the lavish entertainment that was once a feature of Royal birthday observance. Queen Mary, who joined Their Majesties at the Castle when they went into residence a week earlier, was delighted naturally to be with her granddaughter on her birthday: and that delight was shared to the full by Princess Elizabeth, between whom and her grandmother there exist very strong ties of mutual affection and regard. For Princess Margaret, now approaching her sixteenth birthday, which falls in August, this Easter had a special significance, as she had been confirmed shortly before the festival.

JUST before the Court left London for Windsor, the King travelled down to Newmarket with Princess Elizabeth, to take a look at the new bloodstock in the Royal stables. The horses are not His Majesty's own, but are on lease from the National Stud. Three or four of them, Blue Train, whose sire and dam, Blue Peter and Sun Chariot, gained almost equal fame; Calash, a filly who is full sister to Sun Chariot; Cretan Belle, and Murrayfield, all of them two-year-olds, are regarded as having a very good chance of bringing the Royal colours to the fore in the coming season.

Racing enthusiasts, who always welcome signs of Royal interest in the sport, were especially delighted to hear that the Princess went with her father, for this latest move by Her Royal Highness encourages once again hopes that she

may, at no distant date, register her own colours and set up as an independent owner. At one time it was thought possible that the King and the Princess might have been at Newmarket a day earlier, to see the Craven Stakes and the rest of the last day of the spring meeting, before going on to the Royal stables. But other engagements clashed, and, in any event, His Majesty desired to keep it as merely a private visit of inspection to his stables.

Another piece of Royal racing news is that plans are afoot to stage something on the lines of an Ascot State drive at Epsom when Their Majesties go to the Derby, an innovation that would thrill the vast crowds expected at the first "real" Derby since 1939.

SUCCESSFUL THEATRE WEEK

THE COUNTESS OF CROMER, who was the chairman of the Theatre Festival Week, must have been delighted at the tremendous success of this venture of three matinees in one week in aid of the King George's Pension Fund for Actors and Actresses. All three matinees were honoured with the presence of members of the Royal Family: Her Majesty Queen Mary went to see *Perchance to Dream* on the Monday, H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth went to see *Oedipus* and *The Critic* on the following Wednesday, while on the Thursday Their Majesties the King and Queen, accompanied by Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, went to see *The Importance of Being Earnest*. His Majesty was in naval uniform, Her Majesty wore a hat and ensemble of blue-grey, Princess Elizabeth wore a blue-printed dress under her coat and a halo hat trimmed with ostrich feathers, while Princess Margaret wore no hat with her brown coat and pale dress. The Queen was presented with a bouquet by Lady Anthony Meyer, who had arranged the programme sellers for all three matinees; these included such attractive young married people as Viscountess Anson, Mrs. Peter Holdsworth-Hunt, the Countess of

Inchcape, Mrs. Peter Townsend, Mrs. Norman-Butler, Mrs. Alexander Gregory-Hood, Mrs. Jimmy Bowes-Lyon and the Hon. Mrs. James Innes—the two latter were both in navy blue. Among the young unmarried girls helping Lady Meyer were the Hon. Mary Anna Sturt, who is dark and attractive and growing so like her mother, the late Lady Alington; Miss Diana Cunliffe-Owen, Miss Iris Peake, the Hon. Elizabeth Somers-Cox and Miss Ann Maxwell, who was wearing a pretty scarlet dress.

Others in the audience were the Earl and Countess of Clarendon, the Earl and Countess of Cromer, the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, Lady Mary Herbert, the Countess of Lytton, Mrs. Warren Pearl, Mrs. Philip Hill, Miss Anna Zinkeisen, who had done the very attractive cover-design on the programmes, Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, Lady Doverdale, and many more. There was a great feeling of sadness over the last two matinees owing to the death of Viscount Southwood, honorary treasurer for the Theatre Festival Week, who had helped Lady Cromer and her committee a great deal to make the week the success it was, as well as giving a very generous donation to the fund. His loss will be felt in many spheres, but in none more than by the many charities for which he did so much in every way.

APRIL WEDDING

ST. MARK'S, North Audley Street, was crowded for the wedding of the Hon. Maureen Butler and Lt.-Col. Robert Rose Price, Welsh Guards. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Lord DuBoynne, looked charming in a gown of cream embossed slipper satin, with a tulle veil and wreath of white flowers on her hair, while the five grown-up attendants wore white crepe dresses, headdresses of mixed spring flowers and matching bouquets. They were the Hon. Sheila Butler, younger sister of the bride, the Hon. Barbara Fisher, Miss Mary Rose Price, sister of the bridegroom, Miss Nina Power and



Mrs. C. J. Myburgh is the wife of Major Claude John Myburgh, the Worcester Regiment, who before the war played cricket and hockey for the Army. Before her marriage Mrs. Myburgh was Miss Diana Mary Ramsden, V.A.D., of Middleton Towers, King's Lynn, Norfolk



Lady Blunden was a 2nd Officer in the W.R.N.S. during the war. She is the wife of Sir William Blunden, of Castle Blunden, Kilkenny, elder son of the late Sir John Blunden and of Lady Blunden, and the daughter of Professor John Purser and Mrs. Purser, of Trinity College, Dublin



Bassano

Mrs. J. M. Parsons is the wife of Captain John Michael Parsons, Royal Garhwal Rifles, younger son of the Bishop of Hereford and Dr. D. G. Parsons. She was formerly Miss Hilda Mary Frewen, daughter of the late Captain E. L. Frewen, R.N., and Mrs. Frewen, of Sheffield Park Lodge, Uckfield, Sussex

Miss Lavinia Tower. The three child bridesmaids, Rebecca Phillpotts, Susan Price and Susan Beale, looked very sweet walking hand-in-hand up the aisle in white muslin dresses with wide blue sashes. The reception was held at 23, Knightsbridge, and many of the guests were able to sit outside on the balconies at the back of the house. Lady Dunboyne, mother of the bride, was wearing black and white, and amongst the many guests, I saw the Hon. Patricia Guinness, who is the only daughter of the late Lord Moyne; Major H. J. Moore-Gwyn, and his pretty blonde wife, who was the Hon. Jane Douglas-Scott-Montagu before her marriage last month. Capt. Atholl Duncan, and his wife, who is a sister of the bride, had a busy time greeting all their friends. Lady Fisher and the Hon. Mrs. Ward were also there, as well as the Hon. Ferelith Kenworthy, who wore an amusing green hat trimmed with a bunch of grapes, and arrived with her mother, Doris Lady Strabolgi, and her fiancé, Harold Hood, Bt.; their wedding is to take place at Brompton Oratory on Tuesday, April 30th.

COMBINED OPERATIONS

THE St. John Ambulance Brigade, the British Red Cross and the W.V.S. recently held a meeting to discuss the Hospital Car Service, which they have combined to organise to take the place of the Voluntary Car Pool run by the W.V.S. during the war, which took so many sick people to and from hospital in England and Scotland. The Hospital Car Service has taken between 18,000 and 20,000 hospital cases each month since they were formed last August, but they badly need 10,000 more drivers who are willing to do part-time, even once a week or once a fortnight, for which they get petrol coupons and mileage allowance. The Countess of Limerick gave a résumé of the work done by the H.C.S., and said particulars could be obtained by would-be drivers at St. John, Red Cross or W.V.S. local offices anywhere. Stella Countess of Reading, wearing the uniform of the W.V.S., made a speech, too, asking anyone who could to come forward and volunteer to drive as often as they could manage. Also at the meeting were Lady Dunbar-Naismith, the Countess of Brecknock, with two impressive rows of ribbons on her uniform, Mrs. Girouard, Miss Harrison and Miss Cheyney, all in uniform and representing the St. John Organisation, while besides the Countess of Limerick the Red Cross had the Duchess of Marlborough, the Countess of Eldon, Mrs. Prentice, Miss Young-Jamieson, Miss Banks, Mrs. Woolcombe and Mrs. Howie representing them at the meeting. Mrs. Warrington and Mrs. Dunbar, in W.V.S. uniform, supported Lady Reading.



Pearl Freeman

The Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava is a daughter of the Hon. Arthur Ernest Guinness, brother of the Earl of Iveagh, and is the widow of the late Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, who was killed in action in Burma in 1945. She has three children, the young Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, who will be eight in July, and two daughters, Lady Caroline and Lady Perdita Hamilton-Temple-Blackwood, who were born in 1931 and 1934



Lord Dunboyne, who succeeded his father last year, and the Hon. Grania Guinness, sister of Lord Moyne



Mrs. Beale and her daughter Susan, who was one of the bridal attendants

The bride and bridegroom with their attendants. The bridesmaids are the Hon. Sheila Butler, Miss Mary Rose Price, Miss Lavinia Tower, the Hon. Barbara Fisher and Miss Nina Power. The child attendants are Susan Price, Susan Beale and Rebecca Phillpotts. The bride is the second daughter of the late Lord Dunboyne and of Lady Dunboyne, and the bridegroom the elder son of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. T. Rose Price

Wedding of Lt.-Col. R. C. Rose Price and the Hon. Maureen Butler at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Photographs by Swaebe



Sir Giles and Lady Loder. They were married in 1939 and have two sons.



Mrs. Phillpotts and her daughter Rebecca, who was another child attendant



Mr. and Mrs. David Rawnsley. Mr. Rawnsley is the film architect and production designer



Miss Shirley Morgan and Mr. Harry Graham-Vivian, Coldstream Guards

First Peacetime Livery Dinner

Of the Worshipful Company of Shipwrights at the Mansion House



Sir Philip Richardson, Bt., Lady Richardson, Mr. Denys Lowson, the Hon. Mrs. Denys Lowson, who is a daughter of Lord Strathcarron, and Mr. Leslie Marshall



Lady Robertson, Sir Frederick Stewart of Craigowie Castle, Dumbartonshire, Lady Duncan, and the Rt. Hon. Sir Andrew Duncan, M.P. for the City of London



The Lord Mayor of London, Sir Charles Davis, with Sir Edward Wilshaw, K.C.M.G., First Warden of the Company of Shipwrights



Lady Wilshaw, Sir Amos Ayre, who was Deputy Controller of Merchant Shipbuilding at the Admiralty from 1940-44, and Lady Chatfield, wife of Admiral of the Fleet Lord Chatfield



During the Loving Cup ceremony: Admiral of the Fleet Lord Chatfield, the Lord Mayor, Sir Charles Davis, Sir Edward Wilshaw and the Lady Mayoress, Lady Davis



Guests Seated During the Dinner

PRISCILLA in PARIS

Behind the Scenes

Paris Wedding. M. Jacques Blumenthal, son of Mme. and Col. Charles Blumenthal, O.B.E., married Mlle. Arline de la Morinière, daughter of the Comtesse and late Comte de la Morinière at the St. Madeleine Church in Paris

WITH all due deference I beg to disagree with the erudite and eminent critics of past and present days who, incurious as to what goes on behind the stage, wish to be spared insight into secrets they are not bound to know. Being of insatiable curiosity, same-like the ephalunt's child, visits "back-stage" and attendance at rehearsals enhance, for me, the wonder of a finished performance. By this I don't mean to say I have an urge to find out whether the leading lady wears flannel next her skin or the colour of the male star's lingerie, neither do I care how many times they "set to partners" in the matrimonial quadrille; but I am intensely interested in the work that goes on when the dust-sheets are hiding the stalls (though I wonder if there are dust-sheets in the theatres nowadays, or whether they have become the manager's sheets *tout simplement*!); while the stage hands are playing jig-saw puzzles with the new scenery and the prompter is working overtime while the cast comes to grief over the last-moment cuts and additions made by a nervous author.

Several times last week I looked in on the final dress rehearsals of the new, spectacular revue, *C'est de la Folie*, at the Folies Bergère, and was thrilled at what is, to me, the everlasting miracle of order emerging from chaos. The wide stage of the Folies-Bergère has no depth, and with a mere six-metres space between

the footlights and the wall that gives on to the street, thirty tableaux—twenty of which are "full sets"—are shown during a four-hour performance that will have to be condensed down to three.

To watch the work that goes on while accomplishing all this is even more entertaining than witnessing the smooth sequence that takes place before the public, and it in no way destroys any illusions I may have. This, of course, may come from second childhood's facility to "make-believe"! I am blessed—or cursed?—with a vivid imagination, and though I may have left the *coulisses* a few moments earlier, and I know that behind the canvas-backed trees (smelling of sour fish-paste) the fireman on duty is casting sheep's eyes at the *mannequins du nu*, I forget such sordid details as soon as I am back in my stall. The trees are real, the tropical forest stretches away into the distance, the painted waterfall splashes and bubbles, and the little, semi-naked chorus girls, covered with *rose-ochré* liquid powder, are the charming savages they are supposed to represent.

THIS show is pre-war in its lavishness of costume and décor. During Occupation, when the Germans obliged the management to keep the theatre open, Paul Derval and his clever young wife managed to keep going by refurbishing past successes. The present production is new from prologue to epilogue, and a gay young company laughs, dances and sings its way through the two acts and thirty tableaux. They are too numerous for me to mention them all; but Daisy Daix, a twenty-three-year-old cabaret star, and lovely Fortunio, an exquisite dancer, were the joy of the evening. The biggest "electrics" of all go to the *grande vedette* Mlle. Suzy Prim. I wonder what it is that attracts so many legitimate comedy stars to the music-hall stage, where they are very likely to break their charming necks? . . . and I am not alluding to the acrobatic dance stunts that they invariably attempt, upheld by hefty gymnasts specially engaged for the job.

Suzy Prim first found fame, after having played children's parts since she was three years old, in a dramatic comedy by the late

THE NEW FOLIES BERGÈRE



Daisy Daix, the "Fantaisiste," Sings



Suzy Prim Chats to "Dandy," the "Comique Maison"

dramatist Nozière, *Le Mari d'Aline*; her success in Virginia Vernon's adaptation of Noel Coward's *Private Lives* packed the Théâtre Michel for over a year; at the Odéon she was one of the finest Marguerite Gautiers Paris has seen in many years; while at the Théâtre de Paris she has played such broad farces as *Baby Mine*.

With all these, and many other, successes to her credit one wonders why she was tempted to try and make good in the inferior but very difficult art of *grande vedette de music hall*. She is young and lovely, can act, and carries the lovely gowns designed for her by Mme. Derval perfectly. She even sings and dances; but I feel about the latter very much as did Samuel Johnson about a woman preaching: "... like a dog walking on its hind legs. It is not well done, but you are surprised to find it done at all!" One of the loveliest scenes takes place in a Chinese setting. Old ivory figurines; the performers, wearing weird and beautiful masks, dance, mime and play against a red lacquer background. I don't think I have ever seen anything quite so lovely on the Paris music-hall stage before.

WAs it the early spring sun shining in primrose glory on the red-carpeted steps of St. Madeleine's as the young couple left the church or their undeniable good looks and their happy faces that made me think the Blumenthal-de la Morinière wedding one of the prettiest I have seen this year? Arline de la Morinière, daughter of the Comtesse and late Comte de la Morinière, wore a Schiaparelli frock of flowered brocade and a shoulder-length veil that becomingly framed her smiling face. The two little Bayëns children were bridesmaid and page in white satin and blue sashes. The best man, M. Philippe Sert, is the bridegroom's lifelong friend. The two boys left France together during Occupation, crossing the Pyrenées and arriving in Spain after many difficulties; but they were unable to get to England, where they had hoped to join Colonel Charles Blumenthal, O.B.E., who was one of the first to join the Free French Air Force in London. They reached North Africa, however, and fought through the African campaign. Sunshine, springtime, a sense of duty well done—no wonder one had the impression of a happy wedding.

REHEARSES



Mme. Derval Makes a Last Inspection



The "Chopin" Tableaux



Mannequins Representing American Women Dressed In Paris

● This month the Folies Bergère had the première of their new revue, the biggest since the war. The production beats all records of gorgeousness, even at this theatre, which is renowned for its wonderful dresses and mise-en-scène. Mlle. Suzy Prim stars in the show; she has hitherto only been seen on the legitimate stage, but she dances, sings and plays some broad comedy parts, as well as one dramatic sketch. She plays Catherine the Great of Russia, in a series of tableaux representing an episode in the life of the Empress, and here the scenery and costumes are magnificent. Mme. Derval, the wife of Paul Derval, the manager and owner of the Folies Bergère, superintends every detail of the costumes. These were all executed in the Folies Bergère's own work-room and took six months to make.



SADLER'S WELLS FINDS A NEW STAR OF THE BALLET



As One of the Wise Virgins in the Ballet of that Name

Gordon Anthony



Girl into Princess: the Beginning of the Transformation

MOIRA SHEARER: TITIAN-HAIRED BALLERINA

WHEN Mr. Harold C. King, Civil Engineer, left his infernally busy life in Fife, for Rhodesia in 1932, his wife and their only child Moira, of one of the best of all Mr. King) suspected the results of the journey. A woman friend met out there, a former member of the Highbury Company, first discovered in Moira the inherent qualities of a great dancer. When Moira came home to England two years later, she started her studies with Nicholas Legat, famous Russian dancer, ne-time idol of the Czar's Imperial Palace. Her natural lightness, "speed" in pirouettes and magnificent line in her arabesques soon marked her as a student of outstanding possibilities. When she was fifteen she joined the International Ballet Company, using her first two names, Moira Shearer, as her stage name

and, a year later, after a few weeks at the School, she became a member of the Sadler's Wells Company under the direction of Ninette de Valois, dancing as her first solo the pas-de-deux in *Orpheus and Eurydice*. Since then, her career has been a steady climb until, on the 29th of last month, her greatest chance to show her prowess as a ballerina presented itself; on that night Moira Shearer made her debut as Princess Aurora in *The Sleeping Beauty* at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, thus joining the ranks of the great ballerinas. She showed an unexpected virtuosity in addition to her already known sense of style, beauty and elegance. At least one well-known authority on British ballet expressed the view that night that Shearer may well later on become a modern Pavlova



In the Studio: the Photographer is Photographed



Elevenes: Even Fairy Princesses Must Eat

The Racing World Take a Busman's Holiday

At the Newmarket and
Thurlow Point-to-Point at
Cottenham, Cambridgeshire



Mr. Gingell's Estoile and Mr. Raker's Rastus, who were dead-heated for first place, jumping at the last fence together in the Thurlow Hunt Members' and Farmers' Race



The starter, Mr. Basil Jarvis



Major Patrick Ness being assisted by Mrs. Janssen



Mrs. Stephenson, wife of the Royston trainer, and her two small daughters



Mr. H. Leader, the trainer, Mrs. Leader and Major Tom Hilder



Major P. Ness and Mrs. Sinclair, wearing a sling as the result of a point-to-point accident



Miss Bloxham and Mrs. R. B. Taylor and her daughter



Capt. and Mrs. A. J. Sellar, with their daughters Dione and Kirstie



Mrs. R. T. Harrop, Mr. N. Morriss, Mrs. Colling and Mr. R. J. Colling, the trainer



Major and Mrs. Philip Cripps, Miss Jarvis and Miss Pike

By "Sabretache"

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

The Wet Umbrella

THE striking analogy between a very famous picture of French origin, and what we read about ourselves in the daily broad-sheets, must have occurred to even the least observant. The picture, which appeared in either *Le Journal Amusant* or *La Vie* many years ago, showed us a wet umbrella standing in a corner in the hall and creating the customary little pool of water; alongside, gazing pensively at the inundation, was a pup. The legend underneath was "On dira que c'est moi"! The pathos was heartrending. Perfide Albion has been cast to play that pup time out of mind, and has, in fact, played it for quite as long as Penley played *The Private Secretary*. The only real difference in the two situations is that the reiteration drove the poor actor mad, and that we do not seem to be any madder than we have always been held to be. The formula appears to be: "If anything happens, blame England: if anything is wanted, ask England!" That poor little pup took it main hard in the matter of the umbrella. He knew that he was on a good hiding to nothing.

From the Ever-Green Isle

THE faithful scout in Dublin says that the disappointment over Prince Regent's defeat in the National would have to be encountered to be believed, and that the general view is that the race was false-run. This I think we knew without being told, but it was in no way the jockey's fault. Tim Hyde had no option but to try to elude the wild pack of the riderless, and I ask "The Broth of a Boy" to believe that we over here are just as downcast over defeat of *The Champion*. Prince Regent is such a fine turn of foot that it is as certain as most things can be, that, if it could have been used for use at the right moment, instead of having had to be used at the wrong one, it must have prevailed, especially upon such a first-class surface as there was that day. My acute observer says that he reiterates all that he said about Miss Dorothy Paget's horses, and that Dunshaughlin's fall stopped the only one they thought might bother Prince Regent. He advises us not to forget this one. He will only be nine next year, and so, if any of us is still alive when the next Grand National comes round, we may be able to do ourselves a bit of good.

To Cheer Us Up

MY friend sends me this "absolutely true" story, which I think I have heard before, but some other people may not have. It concerns two wild men from the West, Connemara, or some such place, who were bidden to a grand civic lunch in Dublin, a place of which they were rather scornful. Cheese time came, and with it some celery in tasty glass utensils. One of the guests grabbed some and began to chew it. Thady nudged Corney, and said in a horrified whisper: "Iver did ye see the bate o' that, atin' the decorations!"

Un-co-operative

DELHI the Fickle never changes in one respect, that temperature, which is divided from Hell by a thin sheet of paper, and is now just about approaching the peak of its capacity. "That old 'Daval Sun'" has not even scrupled to bowl over the First Lord of the Admiralty. All who know the plagues of the East will hope that the indisposition was not due to the thing which is quite as dangerous as a cobra, and sometimes as unpleasant as a wounded tiger, that deadly *Anopheles*. You can always tell him from the just ordinary mosquito, for he strikes vertically, whereas the more or less harmless thing grazes on you horizontally, like the contemplative cow. Malaria and snake poison, which would you choose? The latter is often the quicker. You have got to catch

your cobra or Krait victim bright and early to have even an outside chance; but would those who know say that you can afford to waste much time where *Anopheles* poison is concerned? You can see the snake, but you do not always see the mosquito. Of minor pests, which I am afraid the devoted statesmen may have encountered, there is a thing called prickly heat. It is never fatal, unless it happens to go septic, but it drives the victim even madder than nature may have created him. A red prickly rash which encourages him to scratch his hide off. There was one very painful incident which I call to mind, that of a very well-covered Justice possessed of a more than fair round belly. He was a martyr to it, so much so, that he had to have his Indian valet ready with an enormous powder puff and some soothing white-stuff to dab him all over the moment he came out of his bath. This went well until one fateful day. His Lordship emerged red as a lobster as usual; his servant pounced on him with the powder puff and smothered him with the white grains. Then it was—dab—fizz—dab—dab—dam—fizz—dab—dab—blast—fizz—and his Lordship let fly some language that he would never have dared to use out loud on the bench. He yelled with pain; the more the man dabbed the worse things became, till, in the end, his Lordship resembled nothing so much as a mammoth ice-cream soda. It appears that the real powder had given out, so his servant picked on what he thought was the next best thing. It was somebody's famous fruit salt.

Sky High and Others

ONE of Lord Derby's understudies for Gulf Stream lived up to his name at Liverpool, for that is exactly the place to which he knocked his two main opponents in the Union Jack Stakes, the distance of which we should note is one mile. It is the first three-year-old contest of the season which is of any consequence. Sky High won as he pleased, and though the opposition did not hail from the Front Bench, the performance gives us an indication, at any rate, of the fact that Walter Earl is not behindhand; and Downrush is further evidence. In the Union Jack Stakes the three placed ones were at level weights; in the Free Handicap, at the head of which is Lord Derby's first string with 9 st. 7 lb., these are the weights: Sky High, 8 st. 11 lb.; Chanter (Lady Chantry colt), 8 st. 7 lb.; Judgment, 8 st. I opine that what happened at Liverpool has not caused the Official Handicapper (Mr. G. H. Freer) in any way to alter his opinion. I should say that Sky High handed Judgment anything from a 10-lb. upwards beating. We need not worry much about Chanter, as he is in neither the Guineas nor the Derby. Before going further, it is very necessary to say how pleased all racing folk were to see Lord Derby at Aintree on the day his nice colt by Hyperion opened his 1946 innings with this nice easy drive through the covers, and we all hope that his Lordship's health will be better this season than it was last. Sky High's dam is by Papyrus, so I think that we may be entitled to say that he may be anything. This is his quite reassuring dossier for last season: Won first time out May 24th, Wilburton Stakes, 5 furlongs at Newmarket, beating Lincoln Imp pointlessly by 5 lengths, and Belisarius (a recent winner) even more so; ran second in the Coventry Stakes at Ascot to Khaled, who beat him 1½ lengths, Lincoln Imp fourth; second to Rivaz in the July Stakes at the sex allowance; left at the post in the Royal Windsor Stakes in August which Leventina won in a canter with nothing to beat. Gulf Stream beat Rivaz as and when he liked in the Gimcrack Stakes. When Khaled won the Middle Park, Fleet Street, another of Lord Derby's, was late off, and was only a moderate third behind Hypericum, the present Oaks favourite.



Watching Her Father Play Hockey

The one-and-a-half-year-old daughter of Mr. Leslie Rowan, the Prime Minister's Private Secretary, comes with her mother to watch her father play hockey and is enthralled by it. Mr. Rowan played for Cambridge and England at hockey



The Oxford Cricket-Captain and His Family

David Macindoe, the Oxford University cricket captain (Eton and Christ Church), is married and in residence with his wife and son. He has been five years in the Army and has returned to get his Degree before going to Eton as a master



Hockey Blue and His Fiancée

Rev. Charles Johnson, the Cambridge Hockey Blue and sprinter, and now Headmaster of Seaford College, is to marry Miss Jocelyn Dudeney, the swimming champion of Bedfordshire, during the school holidays

D. R. Stuart



Arabian Colts in the Judging Ring

First All-Arab Horse Show in this Country

The Arab Horse Society's Show of Arabian Stallions
and Young Stock at Roehampton Polo Club



*Miss Van Damm with Freda, owned by
Mr. H. V. M. Clark*



*Mrs. H. Gordon shows her Arabian colt
Iman*



*Miss Jean Tinteren, Miss Betty Clark, daughter of Mr.
H. V. M. Clark, Miss Mary Arkle, and Miss Van Damm.*



*Major Faudel-Phillips, O.B.E., with Mr.
F. P. Graham-Rodgers*



*Mr. G. H. Ruxton and Mr. C. McConnell,
two noted breeders of Arabs*



*Mr. H. V. M. Clark, who has one of the finest Arab
studs in this country, and Mr. Frank Taylor*



*Mrs. Bromilow, Major-Gen.
Bromilow and Major S. C.
Deed*



*Brig. J. R. C. Cannon, Mr. E. Schmit-Jensen
and Mr. H. Wynmalen, who judged mares and
fillies*



*Lady May Abel Smith, daughter of the Earl of
Athlone and H.R.H. Princess Alice, and her son
Richard watching the horses*



Mr. and Mrs. John Dewar with the trainer, Mr. Marcus Marsh, and jockey, C. Smirke



The finish of the Column Produce race, won by the Aga Khan's Khaled (left) with Gordon Richards up. He gave a fine performance, winning from Downrush, ridden by H. Wragg

Racing at Newmarket

The Craven Meeting



Major Eric Cooper-Key, Mr. Tony Wheeler and Mrs. Cooper-Key



Cdr. J. S. H. Lawrence, R.N., and Mrs. A. P. Wyatt



The Duchess of Norfolk and Mr. James Park



Major Blackwell and Mrs. Ruggles Price



Lady Rosemary Jeffreys, sister of the Earl of Normanton, and the Hon. Mrs. James Innes



Mr. Ralph Tennyson D'Eyncourt, with his daughter Philippa



Maggy Rouff uses richly brocaded material for evening: moulds it to the figure, dispensing with shoulder straps. Double swathing at the hip-line is a feature of this Collection



Balmain's sophisticated simplicity; a black and white school-marm blouse worn with a full black skirt scalloped and heavily beaded with jet over a striped petticoat frill



Jeanne Lanvin is showing navy and white for day and evening. The wide pleated collar and the lovely luxuriance of the skirt flatter the tiny waist of the wearer

THE REVIVAL OF EDWARDIAN ELEGANCE: FRENCH DESIGNERS LEAD THE WAY

“Why shouldn't a smartly-dressed woman attend Boris Kochno's Champs-Elysées Ballets in an outfit resembling the one her mother wore when she went to Diaghilev's Ballets Russes? I would like this tendency, which I consider to be the true expression of feminine elegance, to be adopted.” So le couturier Pierre Balmain, youngest and most-discussed of the Paris designers (the man who made Mlle. Stella Carcano's magnificent wedding dress for her marriage to the Earl of Dudley's son and heir) explained to me the theme and inspiration of his 1946 Collection. It is a theme which is evident in many of the great French houses this year, and shows a decided trend to carry us back to the elegant silhouette of 1910: Wide picture hats lavishly trimmed with osprey and birds of paradise are

ré-introduced for day, and feather head-dresses framing the face are chic for restaurant and theatre at night. The striped blouse with its white starched collar, black bow and full black skirt worn with a tiny straw boater recalls the Gibson Girl. Lucien Lelong describes the two predominating characteristics of his collection as *la silhouette galbée*, *la ligne basculée d'avant en arrière*; jackets are longer at the back than front, and waistlines follow the curving tendency. In all the collections, one fact is outstandingly apparent; the workmanship is exquisite, and in spite of the fact that a return to the hobble may seem impracticable for our time, there are included in every collection a large percentage of clothes which are essentially wearable—in every sense of the word



Balmain's very original all-in-one coat. In a lovely heliotrope (favourite colour this year), it has gloves cut in one with the sleeves. Zip fasteners let your hands in and out. Matching umbrella clips on belt



Marcel Rochas designed “Près de Vous” for his wife. It is of fine woollen material with three-tier back caught up on the right hip. Shirt-maker front buttons down below waist



Balmain says, “I have a very imperious feeling about the lengthening of dresses. I would like the smartly-dressed women of 1946 to adopt ankle-length skirts for town wear”

Jean Lorimer at the Paris Collections

Photographs by Georges Saad, Paris



Balmain's beloved stripes again. Gleaming channels of red and white satin burst into an utterly feminine frou-frou of fine white lace. The osprey head-dress is perhaps the most immediately popular of the 1946 innovations



Lucien Lelong's lovely navy satin shows how the new rounded jacket-line is introduced in evening wear. In front the fullness is caught smoothly into the waist



Balenciaga loves the padded hip-line, sponsors the nipped-in waist, the very full long basque dipping slightly at the back. This dress is of a lovely black and white print



Balmain's classic tailor-made. Only the top button does up. From there the jacket is cut away to a low hip-line, fitting over a white dickey. Gay boutonnieres are worn morning, noon and night



Lucien Lelong's "Promenade" is an elegant pin-stripe flannel, the one-button fastening again a noticeable feature. The jacket with its curved hem-line is longer at the back than the front

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

STANDING BY

Nobody expects the Great Exhibition of 1951 to excite the citizenry like the Great Exhibition of 1851; not (a Harley Street psychologist has explained to us) because our great-grandfathers were dumber than we, but because they were dumb in a different way.

Mixed with that pleasing awe inspired by the Crystal Palace, incidentally, was a thrill of fear as well. A Colonel Sibthorpe, M.P., had publicly predicted that the enormous mobs—including a myriad foreigners with dark, evil faces—rolling into the Park would sack the West End and cut the throats of the upper and upper-middle-classes. This prospect greatly perturbed the horrible Forsytes of the period, those inhabiting Park Lane and Bayswater especially. However, the Crystal Palace apparently awed Democracy as well, for the international mob was docile and dazed as a newly-dipped sheep. In 1951 what remains of the bourgeoisie will be equally safe, we dare affirm. Why cut the throats of the middle-class when there are more legal ways of extinguishing it?

Ace

HAVING done their utmost with Dr. Marcel Petiot, the Bluebeard of World War II, the Fleet Street boys are vaguely disappointed one feels. In spite of scoring twenty-four robbery-murders the doctor cannot compare from a newsy viewpoint with Henri-Desiré Landru, Bluebeard of World War I, who scored four.

In the first place, Dr. Petiot shaved his picturesque beard off before trial. In the second, he lacked those magnetic Landru eyes which the Press boys played up so lavishly. In the third place, he failed lamentably from the Women's Angle, whereas his blue-black-bearded predecessor, though proved to have bumped off only four sweethearts, attracted and bilked at least 280, according to the Sûreté archives.

This fact meant that women of every kind devoured every edition of the newspapers day and night during that long and—to everyone else—boring Landru trial; and this fact in turn meant that Fleet Street's publicity-tycoons waxed happier and richer and more socially impossible week by week, as the leading drapers booked more and more "display" space. For such are the mystic workings of what journalists call Fate that the cooking of the late Mme. Marchadier (No. 4) in the furnace of Vierzy glassworks in the Parisian *banlieue* meant a new Rolls-Royce for some jolly ad. boy in the Street of Adventure. As Pascal or Confucius or somebody said, you can hardly throw a pebble into a pond without altering the shape of the universe.

Low marks, therefore, for Dr. Marcel Petiot, who also shouted far too much.

Birdie

"MORE strumpets than nightingales," remarked Joseph ("Spectator") Addison—a bit of a prig when sober—after a visit to Spring Garden, that fashionable London pleasure-resort. Why this crack should recur to us on reading that the nightingale is expected to start Spring performances in the South of England almost immediately we wouldn't know, since strumpets don't exist nowadays and nightingales are run by the BBC. However . . .

What is of mild topical interest concerning this often noisy and tedious fowl is that the poets have given up questioning and fussing it (likewise the lark and the cuckoo). Most of the modern boys are too peevish and futile anyway to take a healthy interest in birdies, who would probably reply to their sick whinings with a well-known birdlike gesture. Compare the skylark's polite come-back to a really great poet:

Thank you, Mr. Shelley,
For them pleasing terms;
It's a nice full belly
Full of juicy worms
That makes us sing so sweet, as Nature-boys
confirms.

Not precisely what Shelley wanted to know, maybe, but how clear! How terse! How practical!

Drama

SURELY something more than an exhibition match should celebrate the Oval Centenary on May 23? Nothing much was done to bring home to a heedless world the ethical importance of English Cricket when the centenary of Lord's was observed in 1913. But the world was not in such a fearful mess then.

What we're thinking of is, for example, a little morality-play to be acted on the Oval ground, on some simple hackneyed Anglo-Saxon theme such as the agony and mental conflict of a Gentleman on finding his only daughter in love with a Player. Having duly cast her off, her stern father finds her in rags on the day of the big match, outside the Players' cubby-hole or lazar-house at Lord's, nursing a legitimate but ailing baby. One or two desperate Players denounce his cruelty. One of them spits in the Gentleman's eye. A sort of Spartacus revolt is imminent. But the formative value of English Cricket persists. Rescuing his haughty father-in-law at great personal risk, the Player-hero takes him respectfully aside. This dialogue ensues:

GENT (*in cold fury*): Egad, sirrah, you shall smart for this!

PLAYER: Nay, Sir, I am fully cognisant of the wrong I have done. But if I may earnestly beg a hearing—

(*Suppressing a shudder, the Gentleman inclines a well-shaped ear.*)

Your favourite Bat, Sir, is hollow, and filled with contraband opium from the Continent. A French trick, Sir.

GENT: Impossible!

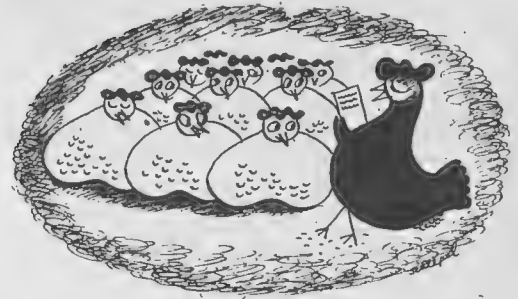
PLAYER: Sir, it is a financial racket hereabouts. The great game is but a mask for profitable but evil doings.

A pretty kettle of fish, indeed. But all ends well and the virtuous Player and his wife are rewarded with a gift of blankets and soup from the M.C.C.

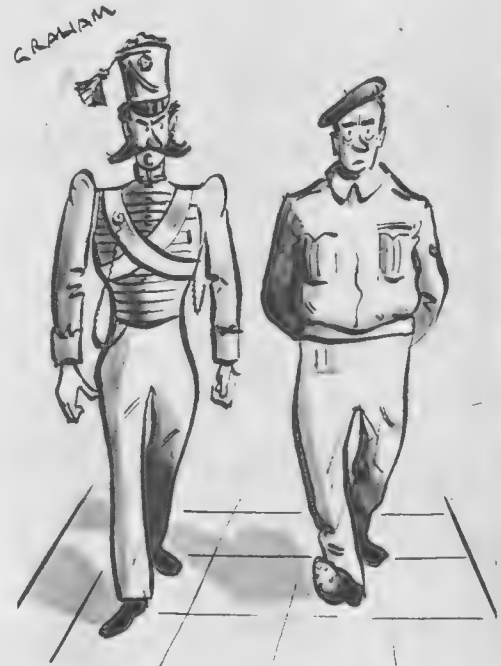
Lesson

ON the eve of being exiled from Bulgaria by the new Red government, poor little 9-year-old Tsar Simeon may well reflect that things might be much worse. In the splendid days when the Bulgarian Empire under Tsar Samuel stretched to the Danube and the Ægean he'd have had his eyes put out, in accordance with Balkan custom.

One would think the disaster of the year 1000 A.D., when a long miserable column of some 15,000 blinded Bulgarian soldiers, led by a few guides with eyes, stumbled back to Sofia after the bloody defeat of the Strumitza, where Basil II of Byzantium, known as *Bulgaroktonos*, the Bulgarslayer, knocked Tsar Samuel silly—one would think this experience would have taught those Bulgar boys to be kinder to people. It did nothing of the sort, naturally. Massacre and the manufacture of attar-of-roses have always been the principal Bulgarian industries, and the fact that their rulers now go about in bowler hats and black jackets and neat striped pants, carrying despatch-cases, like lawyers, makes the situation all the more sinister, in our mousy view. What made Robespierre so terrifying was his old-maidish neatness and his prim legal mind. Has it ever occurred to you that all the bloodiest revolutions are run by lawyers?



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Peter Cheyney the Crime Writer Celebrates the Publication of His 25th Novel

Mr. Peter Cheyney, who is famous for his novels of G-men and gangsters, gave a celebration cocktail-party in London recently. Above are Mr. and Mrs. Peter Cheyney and the editor of the "Sunday Dispatch"

Val Gielgud, the author of many books, stage and radio plays, and Drama Director of the B.B.C., with Mr. George Bishop

Mary Clare, the actress, whose last appearance in London was in Agatha Christie's "Appointment with Death" last year, and Mr. Thomas Joy

ELIZABETH BOWEN reviewing BOOKS

Translation

A WOMAN OF THE PHARISEES" (9s.) is the first of a Collected Edition of the novels of François Mauriac, to be published by Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode; translation into English by Gerard Hopkins. This project of giving us, in our own language, the complete works of a novelist who is by general consent the greatest living French writer is an important one: moreover, in engaging the services of Mr. Hopkins, with his faultless sensitivity to style, the publishers have guarded against the incalculable damage that can be done to an author, outside his own country, by bad translation. The rendering of a literary work of art from one language into another should not fall far short of being a work of art in itself. In these years, as we know, it is hoped that the circulation of books from country to country may do much to build up, not only between former allies but between former enemies, a mutual psychological understanding of one another. Incompetent mauling by bad translators might well undo much of the good of this. Let us hope that British books going to Europe may be, in this matter, at least nearly as well served as Mr. Mauriac has been by Mr. Hopkins.

Inevitably, when a foreign book is read in one's own language, the more curious qualities of its foreignness stand out—when read in the original, these qualities are to a greater degree absorbed in what one might call the atmosphere, or the tonal colour, of the sentences and paragraphs that went to the page direct from the author's brain. The impact of a Mauriac novel on an English reader able to read French will be immense; if the novel be read in English it will probably, rightly or wrongly, be still greater. The total originality of Mauriac, his force, and the dynamicism of his characters have the effect of shaking a page of English prose—as a thunderclap, or the explosion of a bomb in the distance, makes a familiar landscape seem to quiver and rock.

The Soul

THIS is not to say that Mauriac is a violent writer: he mines down deep, but seldom explodes the mine. His handling of themes has the gentleness necessary for an extreme precision: this is most marked when he is dealing with dire passions or with actual or potential crime. Why has he been accorded this place, as the greatest living French novelist, or even, as it is felt by many, the greatest novelist living in any country now? I should hesitate to

answer this question arbitrarily, in a few words—but I would suggest that Mauriac's greatness lies in dealing with men and women as, primarily, creatures of the soul. The aridity of almost all twentieth-century novels, however brilliant, however apparently comprehensive, may be due to their authors' narrowing of the human range, to an insistence on treating the characters as creatures, only, of sense and of intellect. This leaves something lacking from the depiction, even, of directly passionate love, and gives a sort of minority unimportance to the pursuit of the hero's or heroine's thought-streams. The character in the sense-and-intellect novel bears about as much relation to a human being, as we would feel him or know him, as does the dehydrated to the fresh-plucked fruit.

Mauriac is a Roman Catholic: he has a sense of sin, and much that is terrible in his novels comes to us as a communicated terror in the beholding. Are his characters, then, divided into blacks and whites? Certainly not: each of them is subject, from the first page to the last, to at once profound and momentous spiritual alternations and changes. They act as they act because they are what they are; and yet each act is found to have altered the actor, to have changed his relations not only to people around him but, one may feel, to God. The appalling idea of predestination meets a flat contradiction in the Mauriac world. In its place we have ceaseless tension, and pity.

In *A Woman of the Pharisees* the Curé says to the boy, Jean de Mirbel, who has stumbled upon a revelation as to the life of his idealised mother:

"It's no use trying to force one's way into other people's lives, if they don't want one there: remember that, my boy. Never push open the door of another person's life, for it can be known only to God. Never turn your eyes upon that secret city, that place of damnation, which is the soul of another, unless you wish to be turned into a pillar of salt. . . ."

The Stepmother

A WOMAN OF THE PHARISEES" ("La Parisienne") was written during the German occupation of France, and is the latest novel of its author. Like other Mauriac books, it is set back in a period (the years preceding the 1914 war) in which history and living memory overlap. The scene is sometimes Bordeaux, sometimes a country house in La Gironde. The central figure is Brigitte Pian, second wife of a weak-willed landowner and stepmother to his children, Michèle and Louis.

It is Louis Pian, a schoolboy during these years, who, looking back as an adult man, tells the story. Mme. Pian, contrary to conventions, is not an unkind stepmother; her treatment of Michèle's adolescent love-affair with the boy Jean de Mirbel is no harsher than that of a real mother's (of her French class and type) would have been; to Louis she is, in a preoccupied way, indulgent. It is in her relations with other people—with the children's father (still in love with the memory of his first wife); with her unfortunate couple of protégés, who, defying her will and, she believes, God's will, marry; and with the innocent, inspired, sometimes mistaken Curé of Baluzac, that the horrifying aspects of her character appear. No novelist other than Mauriac could have given us the complexities, and, for all her awfulness, the inherent tragedy of Brigitte Pian—religious, dominating and apparently unscrupulous—a woman of whom the Curé once says: "There are some who choose God, but God does not choose them." Jean de Mirbel, with his contradictions of temperament, M. Puybaraud, the former school usher, and the Curé himself, play a no less important part in the plot. The atmosphere, created in so miraculously few words, is extraordinary: rooms, gardens, streets and stretches of countryside have a density that could be cut with a knife. The characters, down to the last physical trait, have a sometimes almost unbearable closeness to one's vision.

Infantry Officer

SO FEW GOT THROUGH: THE DIARY OF AN INFANTRY OFFICER" (Collins; 12s. 6d.) is by Lt.-Col. Martin Lindsay, D.S.O., M.P., who served with the Gordon Highlanders in the 51st Highland Division from July 1944 to May 1945. The author, who commanded the 1st Battalion of the Gordons in sixteen operations, tells the story of the fighting in Normandy, Holland, Belgium and Germany; diary form, coupled with the honesty and vividness of his writing, is ideal for this narration—from close up and from the inside. As a document, from the infantry point of view, of the last, tremendous, conclusive year of the war, *So Few Got Through* is of unparalleled value. Psychologically, this is uncensored work: not only what was done, heard and seen, but what was felt and thought has been set down.

The result is a sort of chart, on which rises and drops of every kind are recorded. Still better, it is a self-portrait of the best, I mean

(Concluded on page 124)



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CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

AMONG the smaller grudges I have against a Fate which twice tore my life and the life of my generation asunder by two World Wars, is that we have lost *ten springs*. It wouldn't have mattered so much had we been very, very young. One only savours the exquisite beauty and buoyancy of May when the years have scrawled "November" right across our life story. The Young take peace and beauty and the first primrose in their stride; the Old take them to their hearts.

Spring in war-time is more a mockery of what might-be than the least blessing of what-is. "Why, then comes in the sweet of the year" is of no account when it can come in as likely with a bomb as with bloom. And when horror and devastation and death have seared so many springs one regrets so poignantly the springtimes lived through almost with indifference because spring just happened and in all probability would happen again next year. We were so busy with our ambition, our social duties, our rushing to-and-fro after what we expected to bring us happiness? It was not, therefore, until these things were blotted out and we lived hourly amid the loss and misery and loneliness which is War that we realized how ineffably precious are so many of those lovely aspects of ordinary human life—peace, beauty, affection—which most of us took as our *right* and valued no more than anything we don't have to pay for.

Now it is different. Just to sit quietly on some sunlit hillside affords an inner-consolation too deep for words. The daily anxieties seem so very far away when all around us Nature is renewing herself in loveliness and in song. The birds don't care about UNO. The flowering May-thorn reflects a world incalculably far away from that of atomic-bombs.

As one sits thus, living in a paradise of scent and sound, such names as Smith, Shinwell, Dalton, Cripps, Bevin become almost grim legendary figures; Russia just a name; and the despairing cry for nylon stockings and just one weekly additional ounce of cooking-fat mere symptoms of a storm which raged in a tea-cup broken long ago.

Indeed, sometimes I like to play with the idea that the worries, frustrations and sorrows of this life are just a super-excellent education for another life-to-come; since it is part of the frailty of human nature never to appreciate anything until we have either lost it or it has been so threatened that the possibility of our ruined happiness stares us grimly in the face. Should this be so, I can only say that the "education" of the last two generations has been a cramming rather than a leisurely progress. Therefore, we turn instinctively and oft-times desperately to those lively aspects of life which still remain to remind us that sanity is the just appreciation of everyday things.

Of "everyday" blessings spring is surely among the most lovely. Only I think we must revel in it alone. Alone in a green wood we are of the age of the green foliage. The heart can easily seem to dance with the daffodils if there is nobody at hand to ask, metaphorically speaking, what Mr. Gladstone said in 1875? So let us steal away and go into the woods this first Spring of Peace. Whatever our woe Dame Nature doesn't care. She proffers us a deeper consolation than those who are determined to sympathize. She is so busy over her own affairs at this moment that just to play a passive part in her joyful exhilaration is to make the discovery that:—

"... in that lovely land and still
Ye may remember what ye will,
And what ye will forget for aye."

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ELIZABETH BOWEN

reviewing **BOOKS**

(Continued from page 122)

the most unselfconscious, type—a portrait not made to be shown, but from whose showing there is nothing to fear.

By the time the 51st Highland Division reached Bremen in April, 1945, after ten months' continuous fighting, 1st Gordons had lost seventy-five officers and 986 men in battle. It is as one of the few who got through that Colonel Lindsay has given us this diary of his as a book; and he has in mind those who fell when he sees the book as owing both to them and to us. His touched-in, day-to-day pictures of living men make them seem not only his friends but ours. After the news about General Rennie he says: "I suppose his death is not so very surprising in view of the risks he took. You cannot dice against the law of averages and get away with it for ever"—and this is his philosophy all along. I feel that *So Few Got Through* is not a book on which the ignorant civilian reviewer can comment without impertinence; and, that it is a book that all civilians should read. It should dispose, absolutely, of the idea (which may tend to creep up as the years go on) that our great European victory was, or was practically, a walk-over.

Humour, imagination and picturesqueness, scraps of dialogue, observations on people and towns, make *So Few Got Through* as sympathetically readable as it is impressive. Criticisms are frank, opinions spontaneous. The names of any few persons who come in for adverse comment have been changed.

Enjoyment

Towards an Appreciation of Literature (Metropolitan Publishing Co., Dublin, 3s. 6d.) is a spirited, now and then controversial, essay by Frank O'Connor on the enjoyment of reading; in which is involved a discussion of English, French and Russian novels and memoirs. In itself a distinguished piece of writing, this is a strongly individual and temperamental book. If it does not land Mr. O'Connor up with a large mail bag, I shall be surprised.

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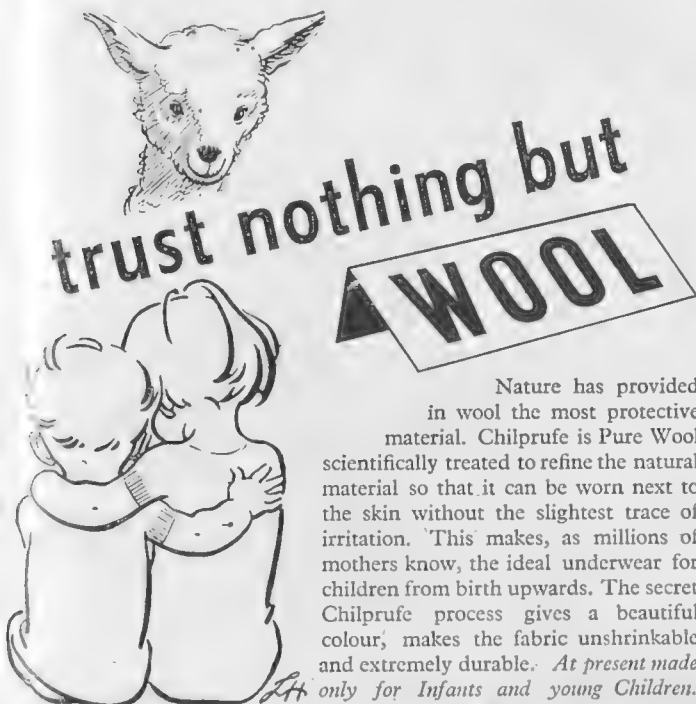




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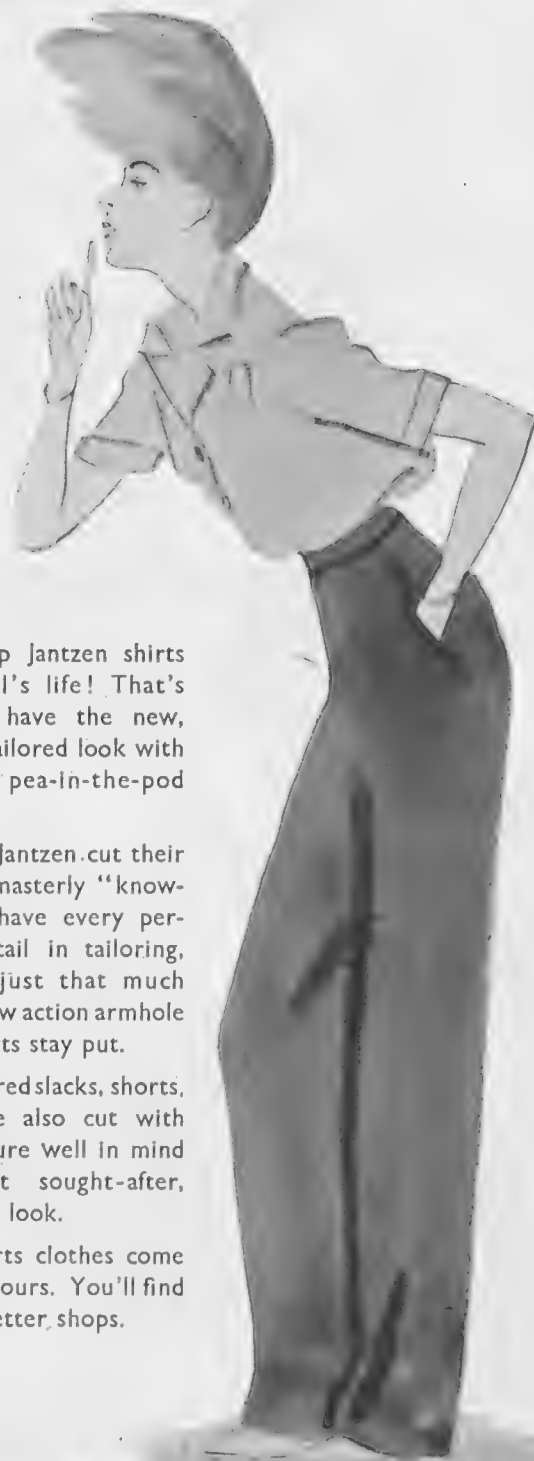
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Aerophagy

I KNOW it is not the right word, but it will serve. Dr. Dalton created a sensation among British air travellers when he announced in his budget speech on April 9 that, "for the first time" provision would be made for the issue of Excise licences for the sale of liquor and tobacco in aircraft. But the sensation was not caused by the new provision but by the fact that liquor and tobacco had always been sold in aircraft since the early days. Dr. Dalton's "good news for travellers" was not, therefore, so good as he seemed to think.

Most of us in flying had supposed that it had always been permissible to sell liquor and tobacco in aircraft. We always used to be able to get drinks on the Paris run in Imperial Airways' machines and, so far as I can remember, on the other runs. So the supposition is that this was one of those prohibitions no one knew about or bothered about. In the future we shall not be so easy going. For already, regulation has reached the point where it can be assumed that everything is forbidden unless there is an express licence or permit.

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Territorial Air

ONE ingenious explanation for the easy-going sale of liquor in pre-war transport aircraft, is that the sales were always conducted after the aircraft had passed beyond the British territorial limits. By the time some of the aircraft had reached operating height, they were sometimes beyond the three mile limit. It seems to me that it would be useful to make that three mile limit a two-dimensional affair, so as to permit aircraft to rise above our regulation-ridden existence here on earth. The possibilities would be immense. At 16,000 feet one would feel free again. And I can imagine enterprising aircraft operators providing cabaret aircraft which would soar outside the three mile limit and provide food, drink and entertainment of a kind and at hours which are forbidden on the ground.

Anyhow, I can assure Dr. Dalton that we who have been in aviation for some little time, find nothing in the budget to thank him for. All that seems to have happened is that air line operators will not, in future, be put to the slight inconvenience of having the bars in their aircraft sealed by Customs men after they have landed.

Rudder Bars Again

I NOW pass from one kind of bar to another. My note the other day about the arrangements made in some of the new American personal aircraft for the suppression of the rudder bar and the introduction of hand-only controls, brought many comments about the attempts that have been made in the past to eliminate rudder bar or rudder pedals.

More recently, I noted that the system proposed for the Chrislea Ace differs fundamentally from the systems suggested for the American machines and may be far better than any of them. The Chrislea system uses a wheel only, and it is mounted on a shaft which goes into the dash. But there is no push-and-pull movement. The elevator is working by raising and lowering the whole wheel.

Now the special advantage of this is that, although the flying controls are all worked by hand, they still have available separate movements. That is to say, the elevator may be moved alone; the ailerons may be moved alone or the rudder may be moved alone. It will be recalled that in the American system the rudder and ailerons are inextricably connected. You cannot apply rudder without aileron, or aileron without rudder. With the Chrislea system you can. That means that the manoeuvres, such as side-slipping, which would not be easy and might not be practicable with the American system would—with the British system—be simple enough. Suppression of the rudder bar or rudder pedals is one thing, but taking away from the pilot the ability to use the rudder independently is another. The British system may make the best of both worlds, giving hand-only control, yet providing the pilot with the power to apply any one of the three major flying controls.

Tangentials

THE real trouble with the tangential lay-out for airport runways—a pattern which the Ministry of Civil Aviation has rejected for Heathrow—is that few people have gone to the trouble of learning to understand it. And it is a little difficult to understand. Those brought up on the old-fashioned triangular and parallel patterns have a sentimental attachment for them and hate the idea of the new-fangled tangential pattern. But, theoretically, the case for tangential runways is complete and convincing. I do wish our ministerial advisers—and even our technical paper experts—would sit down for a few minutes and try and find out what it all means.

They are now attempting to decry the tangential system largely because they did not think of it first—always an unsatisfactory basis for opposition. But it is good to see Lord Swinton adding his arguments to those already put forward by Lord Sempill, and asking that some detailed public statement be made about the Committee which advised the Minister so disastrously about Heathrow and about the reasons they advanced for rejecting the tangential system of runways. The tangential system is really the annular system, reduced to concrete. It provides the advantages of the annular layout, with the advantages of the paved runway. No triangular or parallel system can do this.

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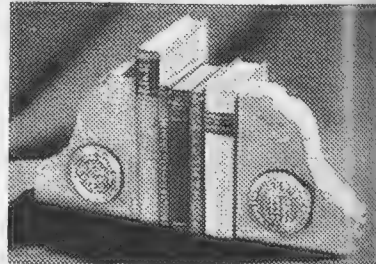
Made from Natural Herbs
Matured in Genuine Mal
Vinegar

AND SOLD ONLY IN BOTTLE
DUFRAIS & CO. LTD.
87, South Lambeth Rd.,
London, S.W.8

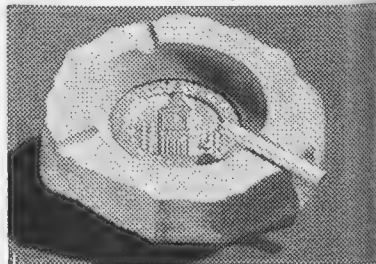
RARE GIFTS for your OVERSEAS FRIENDS
made from HISTORIC RELICS from the

Houses of Parliament

(Damaged by enemy air action, 1941)
are being carved by skilled craftsmen into
articles of enduring charm and priceless
value for home and garden to the designs
of eminent artists.



DESIGN FOR BOOKENDS
CERTIFICATE OF AUTHENTICITY
signed by Sir Vincent Baddeley,
K.C.B., given with every piece
List illustrating many designs for home
and garden sent on receipt of 2d. stamp

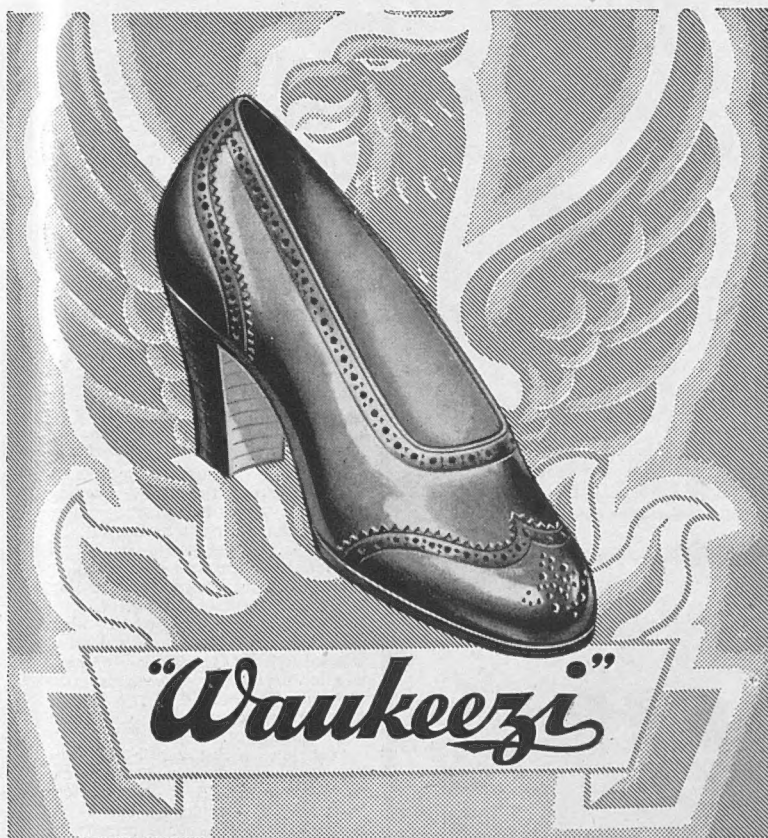


DESIGN FOR ASH TRAY
LONDON STONECRAFT LTD.
409-11 West Green Road, London, N.15
Showrooms: 18 Conduit Street, London, W.1



House by **henri** in moss crepe, coloured white,
in blue or pinky-beige in sizes 13½ 14 and 14½ £5-9-6
and four coupons. Postage extra. No approval but
patterns of materials available.

DAL & SONS LTD SAUCHIEHALL STREET GLASGOW



A perfect-fitting shoe "tailored" to tone with present
styles in sports suits and outdoor wear. In London
Tan or Blue Calf. The WAUKEEZI SHOE CO. LTD.



AGENTS IN THE WEST END AND PROVINCES

ENQUIRIES
(Wholesale only)

'Nicoll Clothes'
13 & 14 GOLDEN
SQUARE, W.1

Nicolls of Regent Street

120 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1 Tel.: REGENT 1951

H. J. Nicoll & Co. Ltd.

Lucky girl, lucky boy

Both are wearing charming 'Dayella' ready-mades!
Frocks and buster suits in new designs, and layette garments
are now in the shops, as well as 'Dayella' by the yard. But,
alas, supplies are still rather short from time to time.



'Dayella'



UTILITY PRODUCT FROM VIYELLA HOUSE

ESTB. 1742

WHITBREAD

& Co. LTD.

*Brewers
of ale and Stout
for over two centuries*



Richard Nash familiarly known as 'Beau' Nash, presiding genius of the fashionable society which frequented Eighteenth Century Bath, was a close friend of Dr. William Oliver, inventor of the famous Bath Oliver Biscuit.

The tradition of elegance and good taste which made Bath Olivers so popular with the 'beau monde' of those brilliant days still survives.

FORTTS ORIGINAL

Bath Oliver
BISCUITS



Maenson
Clothes for men

Never have our people worked so hard as now. Never have Maenson Clothes been so elusive, so sought-after at home and abroad, so respected by countless men who wore the Maenson Service Battle Dress, and discovered the Difference in the Make and Fit.

JOSEPH MAY & SONS, LTD.
106 Regent Street, London, W.1

V226



If you have any
VAPEX

please make it last. If carefully used, a little goes a long way. After use the stopper should be tightly closed to avoid evaporation. Production will be resumed as soon as conditions permit

VAPEX... for Colds

A Drop on your Handkerchief.

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.
Vale of Bardsley, Lancs., England



VANTELLA SHIRTS
with "VAN HEUSEN"
COLLARS TO MATCH

RED TOWER
LAGER



for people of good taste

ASK FOR IT BY NAME AND LOOK FOR THE LABEL

Note these Facts

HEADACHE has one thing in common with Rheumatism, Neuritis, Toothache, Sleeplessness, Colds and 'Flu:

like them, it can be relieved safely and speedily by two tablets of 'Genasprin'.

There are various sorts of Headache. There is the nervy, nagging pain that worry brings on. There is the sharp, insistent misery of neuralgia. There is the over-tired reminder, at the end of a wearing day, that long hours and exacting work must be offset by proper relaxation if your health is not to suffer.

Whatever your type of Headache, two tablets of 'Genasprin' taken in a little water will work wonders with the pain. The cause of the pain is another matter and may call for a doctor's advice.

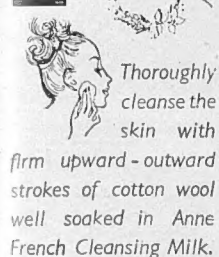
'Genasprin' is the safe brand of aspirin that will not harm heart or digestion. And fortunately 'Genasprin' is one of the things for which it is no longer necessary to accept a substitute; you can get it from any chemist at 1/5d. and 2/3d.

At any time of strain or pain
'GENASPRIN'
sees you through!

The word 'Genasprin' is the registered trade mark of Genatosen Ltd., Loughborough.



*beauty
lies deep in
a really clean skin*



Thoroughly
cleanse the
skin with
firm upward-outward
strokes of cotton wool
well soaked in Anne
French Cleansing Milk.



Remove sur-
plus Cleans-
ing Milk
with dry cotton wool
or soft Cleansing
tissue. Now you are
ready to make up.



During
the day
whenever
your skin needs re-
freshing, use Anne
French Cleansing Milk
and look your best.

Because it is so finely emulsified, Anne French Cleansing Milk penetrates DEEP into your pores to clear away the tiny specks of dust, so often the cause of skin blemishes.

Anne French
CLEANSING MILK

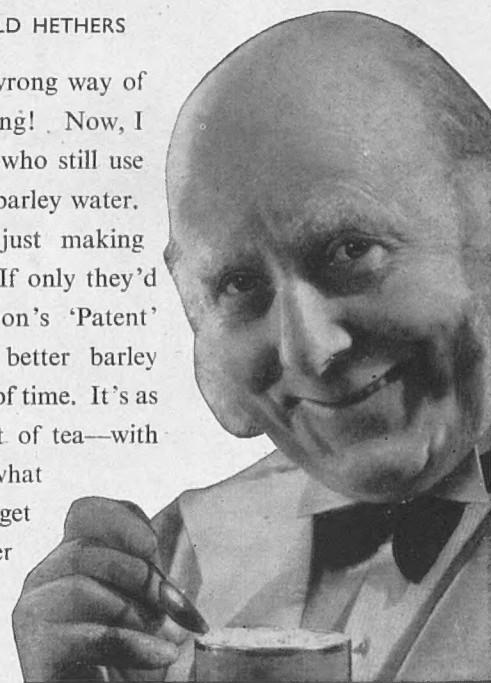
Price 2/6 including Purchase Tax

2/5 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

**If you'll forgive
me saying so**

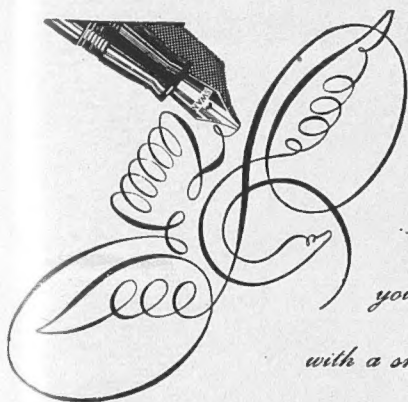
says OLD HETHERS

there's a right and a wrong way of doing every mortal thing! Now, I know a lot of people who still use pearl barley for their barley water. Believe me, they're just making work for themselves. If only they'd get a tin of Robinson's 'Patent' Barley they'd make better barley water and save no end of time. It's as easy to make as a pot of tea—with Robinson's. That's what I'm using till I can get Robinson's Barley Water in bottles again. And if I may say so, I should know . . .



Barley Water from
ROBINSON'S
'PATENT' BARLEY

CVS-91



*Though thoughts are elusive
you'll catch them in flight
with a smooth-flowing Swan
in your hand when you write*



Traditional quality
OLD SCOTCH WHISKY
in original OLD FASHIONED
FLASK

Unsurpassed in quality although
restricted in distribution by scarcity
of old stocks

WILLIAM GRIGOR & SON
INVERNESS



*The Railways are short
of carriages*

★ Every day 3,500 war-worn carriages—
one-eighth of the total stock—are
out of action.

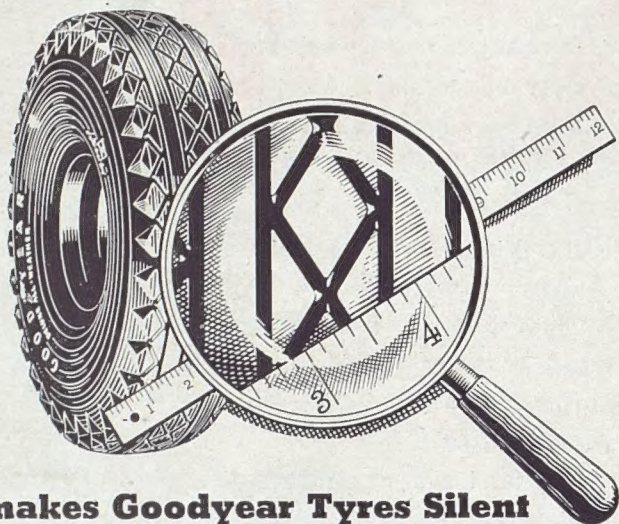
Some are undergoing repair. Others
must await attention because skilled
labour and materials are not fully
available.

This daily shortage of 180,000 seats
may affect your train.

*. to restore pre-war
standards will take time*

GWR ★ LMS ★ LNER ★ SR

A FRACTION OF AN INCH—



—makes Goodyear Tyres Silent

The Goodyear All-Weather Tread with its familiar diamonds is well-known for non-skid safety.

But those diamonds have another secret, also of importance to motorists. They are staggered so that no two of the same size ever follow each other. Volume of sound doesn't build up and the whistling

of air through the grooves is broken. Tyre-noise is cut down without lessening your safety.

Goodyear Research is constantly seeking such ways as this to improve tyres. That is how Goodyear achieved their leadership in the rubber industry and how they have maintained it ever since.

GOODYEAR

LEADERSHIP THROUGH RESEARCH

Burlingtons are the perfect alternative to imported Havanas.

Guaranteed made and rolled from the finest imported Havana and other world famous cigar leaf.



BURLINGTON
Cigars

Coronas 2/-

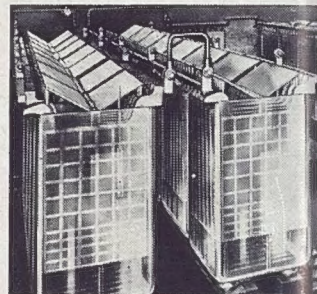
Petit Coronas 1/7

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BURLINGTON CIGARS, 173, NEW BOND STREET, W.1



In a vast electrical undertaking such as the Grid System, every link, every part must be completely dependable at all times and under all conditions... That is why Ediswan Stationary Batteries have been in use for many years in over 50 Sub-Stations.



EDISWAN BATTERIES

Our Advisory Dept. will be glad to give you advice and our Replatal Service is equipped to overhaul and repair ALL makes of Storage Batteries



THE EDISON SWAN ELECTRIC CO. LTD., PONDERS END, MIDDX.

BL.29

Chosen for Dependability
by **STANDARD**



BEFORE THE WAR



DURING THE WAR

AND AFTER



The motorist needing plug replacements cannot do better than choose the make specified by Standard and the other leading Manufacturers.

CHAMPION PLUGS

The choice of the British Motor Industry

CHAMPION SPARKING PLUG COMPANY LIMITED, FELTHAM, MIDDLESEX